

A Fawcett Publication

KEN MAYNARD

WESTERN

SEPT.

10¢

NO. 1



THE FAMED COWBOY
OF THE MOVIES
IN A DARING, THRILLING
WESTERN NOVELETTE,
**THE OUTLAW
TREASURE TRAIL!**

POOR POLLY





The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

INTRODUCING

KEN MAYNARD

WANDERING ADVENTURER OF
THE GREAT WEST! CHAMPION OF
THE LAW! ENEMY OF ALL BADMEN!
HERO OF THE PLAINS! THAT'S
KEN MAYNARD!

DON ALVAREZ

in
**OUTLAW
TREASURE-
TRAIL!**

CHAPTER I
BLAZING GUNS

BITE WIND,
TARZAN!



Ken Maynard, wanderer of the West, crosses every beckoning horizon in the search for adventure! He soon finds it when bandits seek to seize a treasure map leading to ancient Indian loot cached by an early Spanish conquistador! A badman of the East combines forces with badmen of the West in an attempt to outwit and outshoot KEN MAYNARD, leading to **BLAZING ACTION and AMAZING THRILLS!**

A LONE FIGURE WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE GREAT WEST ---

IT SEEMS QUIET AND PEACEFUL IN THESE PARTS, TARZAN!



IT'S KEN MAYNARD, COW-BOY WANDERER OF THE WEST, SEEKING ADVENTURE WHEREVER IT LIES, AND SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE STILL AIR ---

SHOTS! I SPOKE TO SOON! BITE WIND, TARZAN!

BANG!

BANG!



IT'S BANDITS ROBBING THE STAGECOACH! WAIT! THAT ROCK! I CAN GET THE DROP ON THEM ALL! C'MON, TARZAN!



GRAB SKY, YUH YARMINTS!

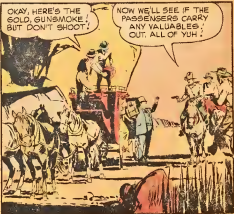
HAND OVER THE GOLD!

GUNSMOKE GALTON, AND HIS GANG! DON'T SHOOT!



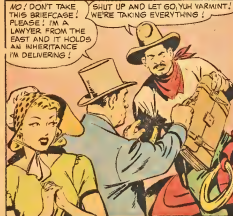
OKAY, HERE'S THE GOLD, GUNSMOKE! BUT DON'T SHOOT!

NOW WE'LL SEE IF THE PASSENGERS CARRY ANY VALUABLES! OUT, ALL OF YUH!



NO! DON'T TAKE THIS BRIEFCASE! PLEASE! I'M A LAWYER FROM THE EAST AND IT HOLDS AN INHERITANCE I'M DELIVERING!

SHUT UP AND LET GO, YUH YARMINT! WE'RE TAKING EVERYTHING!

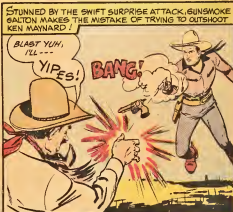
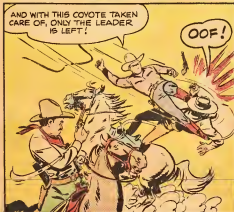


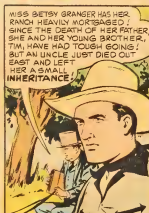
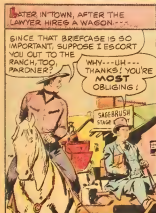
ALL RIGHT, YUH ASKED FOR IT! HAVE A HEADACHE!

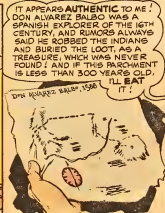
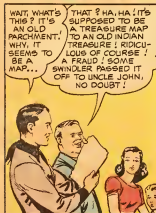
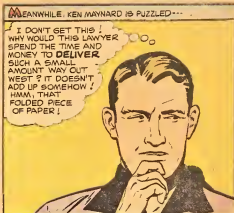
THUD!

OHHH!











BUT UP IN HIS ROOM, KEN MAYNARD HAS PURPOSELY KEPT AWAKE, EARS ATTUNED TO THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT, AND --

I THOUGHT I HEARD NOISES BEFORE! BUT NOW I HEAR A MORE DEFINITE SOUND!

WHACK!



I GOT THE MAP!

SUNSMOKE GALTON! THE QUICKEST WAY DOWN....



...IS THIS WAY!

WHAM!



BUT A HENCHMAN WAITS AT THE WINDOW AND ---

SUNSMOKE TOLD ME TO SHOOT OUT THE LIGHT IF HE GOT IN TROUBLE!



BANG!

CLOPETTY CLOP!

THEY GOT AWAY-- BUT WITHOUT THE MAP ANYWAY!



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS THE SLIPPERY BANDIT ESCAPES!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

SUNSMOKE GALTON TRIED TO GRAB THE MAP!

HOW TERRIBLE! WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON GUARD AGAINST THAT BANDIT!



YES, WE WILL, MR. CROCKER! AND I'LL SEE TO THAT!

I SEE MAYNARD IS TOO CLEVER FOR SUCH SIMPLE TRICKS! I'VE GOT TO MEET SUNSMOKE TOMORROW AND PLAN SOMETHING BETTER!



AND THE NEXT DAY, SECRETLY--

WHAT'S NEXT, CROCKER? IT'D BETTER BE GOOD AGAINST THAT WARWINT, MAYNARD, CUSG HIS HIDE!

WE'LL DECOY HIM AWAY FROM THE RANCH HOUSE THIS TIME! HERE'S WHAT YOU DO--



LATER, THE BANDIT STARTS A STAMPEDE AMONG THE CATTLE!

STAMPEDE 'EM TOWARD THE GULCH!

YIP, YIP, YAAAA! YAAAA!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



MOOOOOO!
BELLOW-W-W-W!

MY HERO, STAMPEDING! AND SOMEZ, MY ONLY RANCH HAND, IS TOO OLD TO STOP THEM!

HOW ANFUL!



I'LL TRY TO STOP THEM, MAM!

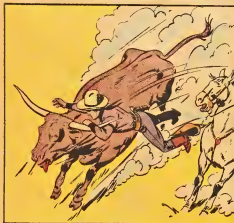
ME, TOO!



THERE'S A GULCH AHEAD! THEY'RE HEADING BLINDLY FOR IT!

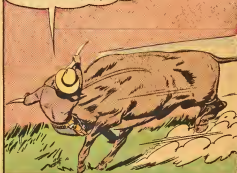


THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE, TIM! I'VE GOT TO TURN THAT BIG BULL, THE LEADER OF THE HERD!



HURRY, KEN! TURN THE BULL! THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE GULCH!

OOF! I'VE GOT...TO...TURN... HIM... OR I'LL GO DOWN THE GULCH WITH HIM!



BUT WHILE KEN MAYNARD RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE THE HERD, CROCKER'S CUNNING PLAN COMES TO ITS CLIMAX AT THE RANCH HOUSE ---



HAND OVER THAT MAP!

HUH? GUNSMOKE GALTON!

OH MY! A HOLDUP!

AND KEN MAYNARD ISN'T HERE NOW TO STOP THIS! WE'RE HELPLESS TO RESIST! ISN'T THIS AWFUL?

PERFECT! PERFECT! GUNSMOKE GETS THE MAP AND I'M IN THE CLEAR!



ON A FEW MINUTES---

THEY TOOK GOMEZ ALONG, TOO, TO FINISH THE TRANSLATION FOR THEM! WE'LL HAVE BAD NEWS FOR KEN MAYNARD WHEN HE RETURNS!

IF HE RETURNS!



YES -- IF HE RETURNS! AS PART OF THE PLAN, ONE OF THE BADMEN WAS LEFT AT THE SCENE OF THE STAMPEDE ---



I'M GETTING A GOOD BEAD ON THAT HOMBRE!

HE'S TURNING... AT LAST!



HE WON'T EVER TURN THAT HERD! A BULLET IN KEN MAYNARD'S BACK AND HE'S DONE FOR! THEY'LL FIND HIS BODY LATER, UNDER A HEAP OF DEAD STEERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GULCH! STEADY NOW ---

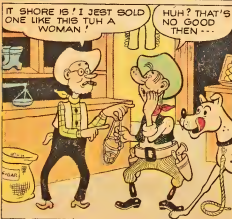
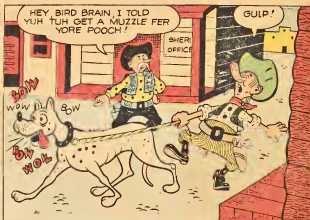


Is Ken Maynard doomed? The slightest pressure on a trigger and death seeks him out! Has Silas Crocker's evil scheme succeeded?

Is there any hope for Ken Maynard to escape his grim, deadly trap?

Read the next chapter of
OUTLAW TREASURE TRAIL
for the thrilling answers!

BIRD BRAIN BYRD-- SHOULD BE MUZZLED



FOOL'S GOLD

By R. R. Symes



THE sign painter dexterously applied his brush, and the words began to form. G-O-L-D B-A-R C-A-F-E.

Roly Pippie watched, open-mouthed, gawking. The sign painter stepped back, cocked his head, squinted his eye, and viewed his work with evident satisfaction.

Roly Pippie took a breath and got up the nerve to speak to him. "Say, that looks like gold! Is that really gold? Do you paint signs with gold? Can you?"

The lettering artist turned and cast his eyes curiously at the figure beside him. He noted that Roly was dressed like a cowboy. But he was shaped more like Santa Claus, and even his high-heeled boots didn't make him quite five feet tall.

"Like it?" asked the painter.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" exclaimed Roly sincerely. "Such beautiful letters. I don't know how you manage it. I couldn't even draw a straight line. You must be a great artist."

The painter began to take a liking to Roly. "But is that real gold?" continued the round cowboy.

A chuckle came from the lettering man. "No, it's just gold paint. I reckon if it was real gold I'd have to paint a new sign every day. There's plenty of robbers around this town at night."

Roly Pippie gave birth to a great idea. "Where could I get some of that gold paint?"

"Well, the paint store is five squares north and turn right and then . . . but wait. I've got almost a full bottle of it here, which I could sell you if you don't need too much."

Roly bought the paint and an old brush. He headed back toward his hotel. On the way, he paused in a vacant lot and filled his pockets with pebbles and small stones. Then he proceeded to his room, locked the door carefully, and spread the stones out on a paper on the floor. He set his bottle of paint and the brush

beside them.

"Better wash 'em first, I reckon," he told himself. He gathered up all the stones, dumped them in the wash basin, poured water on them from the pitcher, swished them around, and dried them carefully on a towel. He returned them to the floor, painted one egg-sized stone, and looked at it critically. "Looks just like gold!" he exclaimed. "Boy, will I fool some people!"

Later, when he checked out of the hotel, he was carrying his carpetbag in one hand and a poke full of gold-colored stones in the other.

The stage rocked and rolled over the rutty road. One of the dark, lean passengers nudged the passenger sitting next to him, who looked enough like him to be his brother. They were brothers, the notorious Turk brothers, Jess Turk and Jake Turk. They were as feared in one territory as the James boys were in another.

It was Jess who nudged Jake. Jake nodded imperceptibly. Both were gazing under shaded lids at the round cowboy who sat opposite. They noted that he was again taking a peep into the poke he clutched so firmly in his pudgy hand. This was the umpteenth time he had looked into the poke and then smiled to himself with apparent satisfaction.

The rumbling wheels and clattering hoofs made such a racket that it was possible for Jake to whisper to Jess without fear of being overheard by the third passenger. "He looks so satisfied, he must have gold in that poke."

"Let's find out as soon as we get a chance," responded Jess, whispering back.

Roly Pippie was oblivious of the sinister whispers. His mind was far away, engaged in happy thoughts. He, Roly Pippie, was at last going to pull a joke on somebody else. Roly had for a long time been the butt of all jokes

around the Corkscrew T spread. He was such a natural. So round and so good-natured. He had signed on at the ranch with intentions of becoming a slim, daredevil bronc buster. The only job available at the time was that of cook. He had taken it, expecting to graduate later into more glamorous work. But he couldn't ride very well or shoot very well or rope very well. On the other hand, he developed into an excellent cook. He tasted everything to see that it was just right. And the more he tasted, the rounder he got. And the rounder he got, the more the boys played jokes on him—especially Big Tex.

"But now I've been on my vacation to the city," thought Roly. "I'll tell them I really went there to have some nuggets assayed. I'll tell them I discovered a secret lode. I'll pretend I'm rich. Boy, will that be some joke on them! Especially on Big Tex!"

A harsh voice broke in on his happy thoughts. "What have you got in the sack, fatty?"

If Jess Turk had stopped his question one word short, he'd have saved himself a lot of trouble. Roly was in such a good mood that he probably would have shown his stage companions very willingly—and even explained the joke. But that word *fatty* roused his ire, and with it, his suspicions.

"None of your business, fence rail!" he retorted.

The stage lurched and one wheel slid off the road into a small gully. It bounced back under the tugging of the horses without mishap, but the lurch had sent one of the gold-colored pebbles popping out of the bag.

"Gold!" exclaimed Jake Turk, his greedy eyes on the glitter.

Both outlaws drew Colts and leveled them at Roly.

"Hand it over, fatty," ordered Jess.

The reaction of an individual in a crisis is unpredictable. In all likelihood, if the bag had contained real gold, Roly would have handed it over meekly in the face of two mean-looking revolvers. But to him, the valueless rocks meant more than gold. He needed them for his joke. And besides, Jess Turk had called him fatty again.

"Here! Take it!" said Roly.

As he spoke he swung his poke of stones. It clipped Jess on the jaw, bounced off, and whammed Jake in the temple. Both men crumpled to the floor of the stage, their guns falling from limp fingers.

Well, the joke on Big Tex and the others had been spoiled! Roly had to explain everything when the sheriff took the Turk Brothers into custody. The sheriff had said he was a real hero to capture two tough hombres, and there was a lot of satisfaction in that.

Later, at the Corkscrew T, he was so busy telling everybody about it that he didn't notice Big Tex and Baldy slip away from the crowd. Big Tex got into Roly's carpetbag and found the bottle with the rest of the gold paint. With Baldy helping him, he painted a brick.

"Sure looks like a solid gold brick," said Baldy.

"Sure does!" agreed Big Tex. "Come on, we'll have some fun."

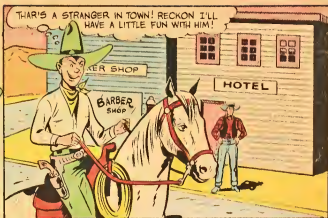
They returned to the big room where Roly was still telling of his exploits. "Look here!" Big Tex burst in. "I just came from the sheriff. He said there's a reward for catching the Turk Brothers, Roly. Here it is. All yours. And solid gold."

Roly looked at the brick, bug-eyed! "A bar of gold!" he exclaimed. "Why it must be worth a small fortune! I'm rich!"

"HERE! Catch!" said Big Tex. He tossed the gold brick more or less toward Roly. The round cowboy grabbed frantically at it, but it eluded him and crashed on the hearth. As it split, the reddish clay color of the inside was revealed. Everybody roared with laughter. Everybody except Roly, who looked stunned . . . and the sheriff, who strode into the room at that minute and said, "I don't know what all the laughing's about. Maybe it's about Roly Pipple's good fortune. He gets a reward of a thousand dollars for catching the Turk brothers. And here it is, Roly, in good U. S. greenbacks."

He placed the pack of bills in Roly's hand. The round cowboy looked at the money somewhat skeptically, felt it, and then roared with laughter as Big Tex walked away slowly.

THE END



KEN MAYNARD

LOOK OUT,
KEN!

BANG!

...IN...
**OUTLAW
TREASURE
TRAIL**
CHAPTER II
**UNDERCOVER
DANGER!**

BUT THE BOY
RANCHER, TIM
GRANGER, HAS SHOUTED
THE WARNING A SPLIT-SECOND
BEFORE THE GUN SPOKE!

DUCK! THERE'S A SIDEWINDER
SHOOTING AT YOU!



THAT KEN MAYNARD AIN'T HUMAN! I'M NOT AIMING TO TRADE ANY MORE SHOTS WITH HIM! LET HIM TURN THE HERD! I'M A-SITTING, PRONTO!



UNMOLESTED, KEN MAYNARD FINISHES HIS JOB, SAVING THE HERD!

SEE, THAT WAS GREAT, KEN! THE HERD IS ALL QUIET NOW! YOU SAVED THEM FROM THE GULCH!



YES, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS WAS ALL A DECOY, TIM! THEY STAMPEDED THE HERD TO GET ME AWAY FROM THE HOUSE! I SEE IT NOW!



BACK AT THE RANCH HOUSE, THEY HEAR THE BAD NEWS!

GUNSMOKE GALTON GRABBED THE MAP, KEN, AND TOOK GOMEZ ALONG!

AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN ATTEMPT TO STOP THEM, CROCKER?



ME? I WAS UNARMED AND HELPLESS! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY THIS HAPPENED, BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

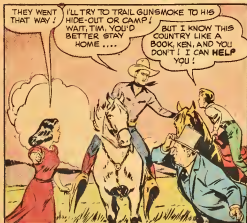
CROCKER IS IN WITH THOSE BANDITS, OR I MISS MY GUESS! BUT I CAN'T PIN A THING ON HIM-- YET!



THEY WENT THAT WAY!

I'LL TRY TO TRAIL GUNSMOKE TO HIS HIDE-OUT OR CAMP! WAIT, TIM, YOU'D BETTER STAY HOME....

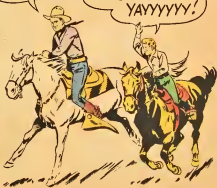
BUT I KNOW THIS COUNTRY LIKE A BOOK, KEN, AND YOU DON'T! I CAN HELP YOU!

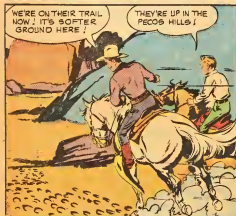


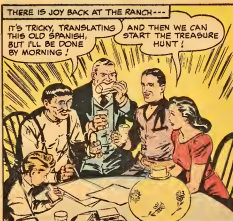
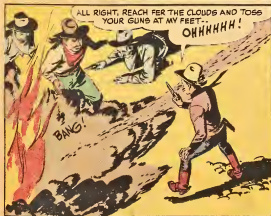
OKAY! LET'S GO!

OH BOY, THIS IS EXCITING! I WANT TO BE A BIG HERO LIKE YOU, KEN, WHEN I GROW UP!

YAYYYYYY!







THAT IS JOY FOR EVERYONE
--EXCEPT SILAS CROCKER--

FOILED AT EVERY TURN,
I'VE GOT TO ELIMINATE
KEN MAYNARD! BUT HOW?
HOW? WAIT, I'VE GOT IT!
THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!
I'LL MEET GUNSMOKE TO-
NIGHT AND FIX UP A
FRAME FOR MAYNARD,
GETTING HIM IN TROUBLE
WITH THE LAW! I'M NOT A
LAWYER FOR NOTHING!

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, AFTER A MEET-
ING WITH HIS OUTLAW PARTNER--

THIS IS PART OF SOME LOOT
GUNSMOKE STOLE FROM THE
SAGEBRUSH BANK RECENTLY! I'LL
PLANT IT IN MAYNARD'S ROOM!

LUCKILY, MAYNARD IS BUSY DOWN-
STAIRS, CHECKING OVER THE DETAILS
OF THE MAP WITH GOMEZ! I'LL RIDE
INTO TOWN AND SEE THE SHERIFF
EARLY IN THE MORNING!

THE NEXT MORNING, IN SAGEBRUSH---

WHO IS KEN MAYNARD? WHERE DID HE COME
FROM? NOBODY KNOWS, RIGHTLY! BUT I'VE
BEEN WATCHING HIM, SHERIFF, AND I
THINK HE'S THE BANDIT WHO ROBBED
YOUR BANK! HE MIGHT HAVE THE
LOOT HIDDEN IN HIS ROOM AT THE
GRANGER RANCH!

I'LL CHECK
UP ON HIM
PRONTO!

LATER, AT THE RANCH---

PART OF THE BANK LOOT!
I ARREST YUH IN THE
NAME OF THE LAW,
KEN MAYNARD!

WHAT?
THIS IS A
FRAME! I--
I--UH--!

DESPITE PROTESTATIONS, KEN
MAYNARD IS SOON BEHIND BARS
IN TOWN---

JUST TELEGRAPH DRY GULCH JUNCTION,
SHERIFF, AND YOU'LL FIND I WAS
THERE DURING THE
ROBBERY, NOT IN
SAGEBRUSH!

ALL RIGHT, SON!
BUT YOUR STORY
HAD BETTER
BE TRUE!

???

THIS IS CROCKER'S WORK!
THERE'S NO DOUBT OF IT
NOW--CROCKER IS IN
CAHOOTS WITH GUNSMOKE!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY HE COULD
GET PART OF GUNSMOKE'S
STOLEN LOOT! BUT THAT
TELEGRAPH MESSAGE WILL
FREE ME AND THEN I'LL
DEAL WITH MR. SILAS
CROCKER! HE **SHOWED**
HIS HAND AT LAST!

SILAS CROCKER HAS COME TO THE
SAME CONCLUSION--

IF THAT TELEGRAPH MESSAGE
CLEARS MAYNARD I'M LEFT HOLD-
ING THE BAG! BUT IF THE JAIL
BURNS DOWN--WITH MAYNARD IN
IT--HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL
THE WHOLE STORY TO THE
SHERIFF! GET IT?



In agony and horror, Tim sees his great hero trapped in the burning jail, unable to break out and save himself! Has Siles Crocker at last won?

With Ken Maynard out of the way there is nothing to stop him and his outlaw partner from hunting for the treasure! Read chapter III of Outlaw Treasure Trail for more thrills and surprises!

JEETER

AND HIS TALKING HORSE.
YA-TA-TA

in
THE HORSE
TRADE

HEY, JEETER! TAKE
A GANDER AT THAT
HORSE! DID YUH EVER
SEE ANYTHING SO
BROKEN DOWN
AND UGLY
BEFORE?

I'LL HAVE YUH KNOW,
BUCK, THAT'S MUH
HORSE, YA-TA-TA!

(GULP!) I SHOULD
HAVE KEPT MUH
MOUTH SHUT!
I RECKON I
MADE A
MISTAKE!

YUH MEAN I MADE THE
MISTAKE! I BOUGHT
THAT HORSE WITHOUT
FIRST LOOKING
AT HIM!

HOW'D YUH EVER DO
A THING LIKE THAT?
I THOUGHT YUH
WERE A SMART
CUSTOMER?

I AM, BUT
THE HORSE
TRADER WAS
SMARTER!

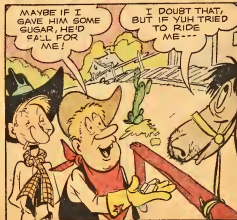
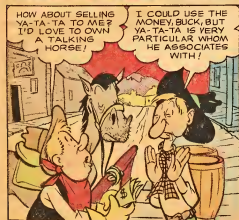
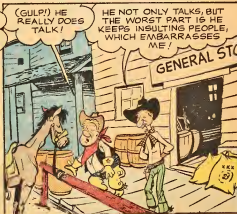
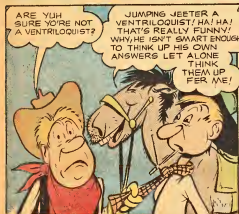
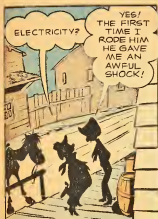
HOW OLD
IS THE
NAG?

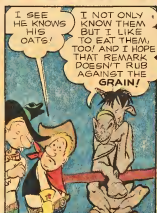
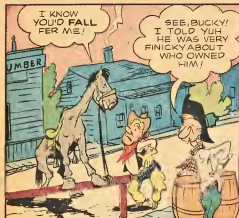
I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW,
BUT I'D WAGER IT
REMEMBERS WHEN
THE BIG DIPPER
WAS JUST A
DRINKING
CUP!

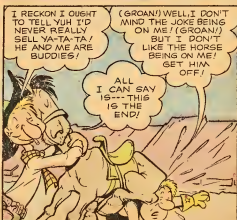
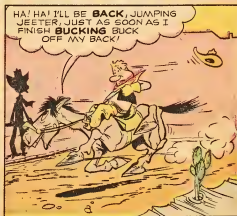
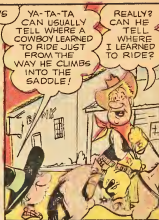
DID THAT HORSE
EVER HAVE ANY
PEP, JEETER?

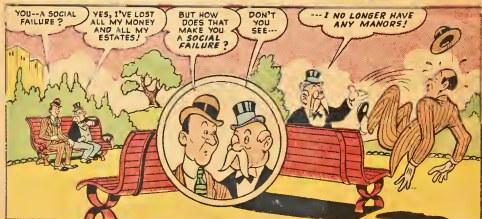
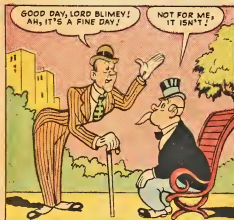
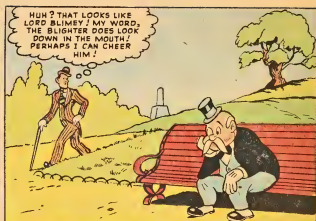
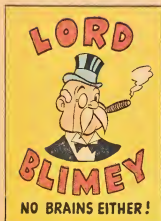
NO, BUT WHEN I
BOUGHT HIM HE
WAS FULL OF
ELECTRICITY!

SCRATCH
SCRATCH









KEN MAYNARD

in
OUTLAW TREASURE TRAIL
CHAPTER III
BATTLE AGAINST THE BADMEN

CHOKE!
COUGH!

KEN!
KEN!
HE'S TRAPPED!

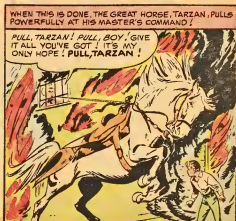
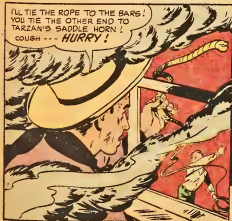
BUT SWIFT
AS THE FIRE RAGES
THROUGH THE OLD BUILD-
ING, KEN MAYNARD'S
THOUGHTS ARE SWIFTER!

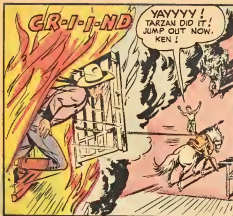
COUGH!...TIM! GET
TARZAN, MY HORSE!
AND THROW ME
COUGH!...A ROPE!
HURRY, TIM!

I'LL TIE THE ROPE TO THE BARS!
YOU TIE THE OTHER END TO
TARZAN'S SADDLE HORN!
COUGH --- HURRY!

WHEN THIS IS DONE, THE GREAT HORSE, TARZAN, PULLS
POWERFULLY AT HIS MASTER'S COMMAND!

PULL, TARZAN! PULL, BOY, GIVE
IT ALL YOU'VE GOT! IT'S MY
ONLY HOPE! PULL, TARZAN!

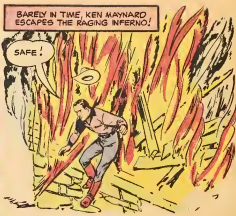




YAYYYY!
TARZAN DID IT!
JUMP OUT NOW,
KEN!

BARELY IN TIME, KEN MAYNARD
ESCAPES THE RAGING INFERNO!

SAFE!



THANKS, TIM! AND THANKS
TARZAN, OLD BOY!



GOSH,
AM I GLAD
I WAS HERE
TO HELP!

MAYNARD! I'M SURE GLAD
YOU'RE SAFE! THE TELEGRAM
JUST CAME PROVING
YOU'RE NOT AN OUTLAW!



THANKS, SHERIFF!
I'M HAPPY TO
HEAR THAT!

NOW WE CAN GET BACK TO THE
RANCH HOUSE BEFORE CROCKER
AND GUNSMOKE GET A
CHANCE TO STEAL
THE MAP AGAIN!



I'LL ROUND
UP A POSSE
AND FOLLOW
YOU!

BITE WIND, TARZAN!



LATER, SILAS CROCKER AND GUN-
SMOKE GALTON ARE DISMAYED AT THE MIS-
CARRIAGE OF THEIR PLANS!

KEN MAYNARD ESCAPED THE
FIRE, BLAST IT! THAT DIDN'T
EVEN GIVE US A CHANCE TO
RAID THE RANCH FOR THE
MAP! AND WE CAN'T
BEAT THEM THAR
NEITHER!

NO, BUT WE
CAN FOLLOW
HIM ON THE
TREASURE HUNT!
WE'RE NOT LICKED
YET! C'MON!



WATER, AT THE RANCH---

THE TRANSLATION
IS DONE, SENOR!WE'VE GOT TO START THE
TREASURE HUNT RIGHT AWAY!
THE FASTER WE GET MOVING
THE BETTER! GET READY,
BETSY!

SOON---

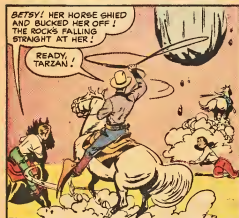
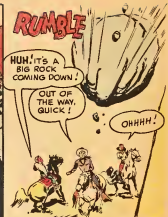
I'VE PACKED ALL THE
SUPPLIES WE'LL
NEED!GOOD! GOMEZ, YOU STAY AND
TAKE CARE OF THE
RANCH!THE THRILLING ZERO MOMENT
AT LAST ARRIVES!

BITE WIND, TARZAN!

OFF ON THE
TREASURE HUNT!
WHOOOPEEE!GOMEZ DID A GOOD JOB MAKING
THIS COPY OF THE MAP WITH
EVERYTHING IN PLAIN ENGLISH!
FIRST, WE HEAD NORTH AND
FIND WHAT DON ALVAREZ BALBO
CALLED THE **STONE FACE**!

AFTER A HARD RIDE--

THE **STONE FACE**!
NOW WHAT, KEN?THE NOSE
POINTS IN THE
DIRECTION WE
MUST TAKE TO
DIABLO CANYON!MEANWHILE, SILAS CROCKER AND
GUNSMOKE GALTON AND HIS HENCH-
MEN SECRETLY FOLLOW!WHY DON'T WE OVER-
TAKE 'EM AND GRAB
THE MAP
OURSELVES?IDiot! YOU AND YOUR
WHOLE GANG ARE NO MATCH
FOR MAYNARD IN A FAIR
FIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO
AMBUSH THEM SOME-
WHERE! OUR CHANCE
WILL COME SOONER
OR LATER!DIABLO CANYON!
BUT A BIT OF REST
AND SOME FOOD
WON'T DO ANY
HARM BEFORE WE
GO THROUGH IT!AW GEE! I
CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO SEE
THE TREASURE!



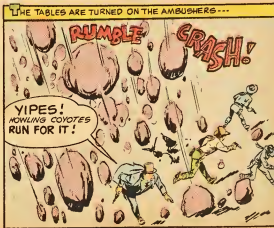
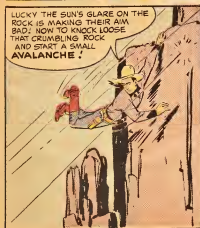
THE HUNT ALONG THE TREASURE TRAIL CONTINUES!



LATER, A HAZARD LIES BEFORE THEIR PATH---



ALL GOES WELL AT FIRST---



IN A FEW MINUTES--

THAT GAVE US TIME TO REACH THE TOP SAFELY! AND THE TREASURE IS CLOSE NOW! WE'LL HURRY AND REACH IT BEFORE THEY FOLLOW UP!



THE LAST MARKER, CUT IN ROCK! THE TREASURE IS IN A SMALL PYRAMID NEAR THIS BOULDER!

YAYYY!!
WE FOUND IT!



BUT A STAGGERING DISAPPOINTMENT--

(GASP!) THERE'S NO PYRAMID HERE! IT'S GONE! WAS THE TREASURE FOUND LONG AGO? AND THE PYRAMID DESTROYED?

WHAT?
ALL THIS FOR NOTHING??



SOB!

WAIT! THE PYRAMID IS HERE ALL RIGHT---BUT BURIED UNDER SAND! CENTURIES OF SAND STORMS DID IT!

THEN WE CAN DIG FOR IT!
YAYYYYY!



LATER--

PUFF! IT WILL TAKE DAYS TO DIG IT FREE. I'M AFRAID!

HMMM! WE NEED HELP---FROM CROCKER AND HIS GANG!



KEN, ARE YOU LOCO? HOW CAN WE GET THEM TO HELP US?

JUST MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT AND YOU'LL SEE!

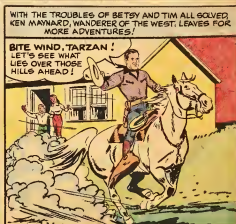
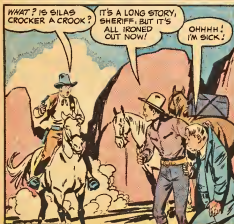


NIGHT SPREADS ITS DARK MANTLE, AND GRIM FIGURES CREEP TO THE SPOT!

#565T! MAYNARD'S ON GUARD---BUT HE FELL ASLEEP! GET HIM FIRST!

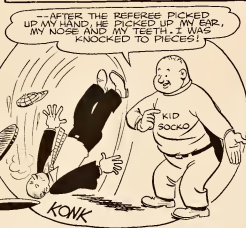
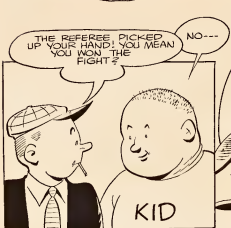
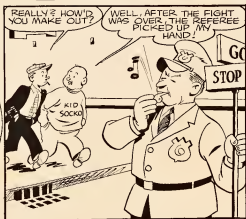
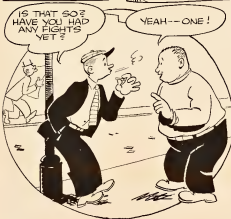
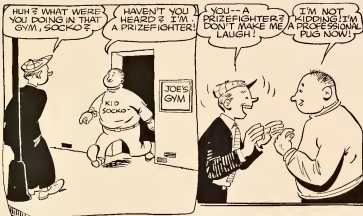






KID SOCKO The PUG

"DISASSEMBLED!"



KEN MAYNARD

Famed cowboy of the movies



Illustration: 1980s • From the *Teen Titans* comic

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1980s
of *Teen Titans*



From *Teen Titans* copyright © DC Comics